

Art Notes.

One of the most important of recent events in the art world of England was the election of George Clausen, last week, to the Associateship of the Royal Academy.

Only about ten years ago a movement was afoot amongst the young and radical painters to form a new exhibition, the governing body of which was to be elected by suffrage of the artists of England, and the jury for the selection of pictures was to be elected yearly by ballot. The principles upon which this movement was started were derived from Paris. The new institution was to supersede the Royal Academy; and George Clausen, amongst other "coming" men, enrolled himself as a protestant against the conservatism of that august body. But it was too strong for them. Backed up by unlimited financial resources, and undiminished popularity with the Philistine majority, it crushed the progressionists; and Clausen, with the rest, accepted the inevitable, which puts him in the pleasant position, now, of being able to accept the Associateship as well. I have a vague recollection of putting my own signature to some document which consigned the Royal Academy to perdition; but the controlling fates do not seem to have honoured the draft. One of the agitators revealed to me some of the replies received by the organizers of the movement from the artists to whom they applied for support. Alfred Gilbert's was laconic and characteristic—the brilliant sculptor was then climbing, hand over fist, up the ladder of fame—"I sympathize with you, but I have six children."

My own studentship at Julian's was begun shortly after Clausen left the school, and I learned that he had gained, there, a reputation as a draughtsman. Not that he won a prize, but his drawings were several times chosen by the professors for competition. In style Clausen was a disciple of Bastien Lepage, but, happily, the Frenchman's influence is not now so apparent as formerly, and each year sees some new evidence that the painter is gradually following the bent of his own genius. This is as it should be, for his power is undeniable, and if his science is less than Bastien's, and his work, therefore, more unequal, he has, to my mind, more poetic intensity. Possibly he may never produce a picture which combines science and poetry with such superb results as in Lepage's *Jean D'Arc*, but I claim for him a higher poetic average in *motif* than was Bastien's.

The Institute of Painters in Oils (in the exhibition-room of the Institute of Painters in water colors) is where Clausen has chosen to show most of his pictures (though the much discussed "Girl at the Gate" was, if I remember rightly, at the Grosvenor) and he was not long in gaining membership. His "Ploughing" (strongly reminiscent of Bastien) was in the new gallery; but the "Mowers" (water colour), and a host of other *plein air* pictures, were first shown at the Institute.

Clausen's tendency of late has been towards greater technical freedom. In this he has the sympathy of his associates in the New English Art Club (a brilliant but exclusive body that somebody dubbed the "Cockney Impressionists") and he is not the only "coming" man who has found rest for his soul in painting, with bias and with zest, some loved quality in his subject instead of trying, laboriously and perfunctorily to realize the smallest and dullest minutiae.

E. WYLY GRIER.

The sale thus far of the late Mr. Inness's pictures in New York has been very satisfactory, over \$30,000 having been received for about twenty pictures.

It always gives us pleasure to look over the *Canadian Architect and Builder*, and the January number with its well drawn and artistic cover is no exception. There is always much in it to interest those outside the profession, and, of course, much more those inside. Any non-professional having the crave for looking at home plans that we own to, will find the drawings for a Muskoka Summer Cottage very interesting. This is the subject for which there was a competition and three prizes awarded, Mr. T. R. Johnson, of Toronto, being first; Mr. Kenneth Gordon, Toronto, second; and Mr. J. Eugene Payette, of Montreal, third.

Colourists can do much to charm us by means that science has discovered, says the *Art Amateur*. But, as Charles Blanc well observes, "the taste for colour, when it predominates absolutely, costs many sacrifices; often it turns the mind from its course, changes the sentiment, swallows up the thought. The impassioned colourist invents his form for his colour, everything must give place to the brilliancy of his tints. Not only the drawing bends to it, but the composition is dominated, restrained, forced by the colour. To introduce the tint that shall heighten another, a perhaps useless accessory is introduced." . . . Let colour play its true role. As literature tends to its decadence when images are elevated above ideas, so art grows material and inevitably declines when the mind that draws is conquered by the sensations of colours; when, in a word, the orchestra, instead of accompanying the song, becomes the whole poem.

An audience desirous of knowing more of Michael Angelo braved the storm last Friday night and were rewarded by hearing a most interesting lecture from Professor Fraser in St. George's Hall, Elm street. The lecture was illustrated throughout by stereopticon views of most of the great works of this versatile artist, poet, and sculptor. The career of Michael Angelo was sketched and an account of his works given from the first attempt as a sculptor to his final and magnificent design of St. Peter's at Rome. The lecturer remarked that the beauty of this last effort had been in a measure destroyed by modern architects, and the building was not as beautiful as it would have been had the great genius who designed it lived to see it completed. The career of Michael Angelo was a constant struggle against political intrigue, and mention was made of the fact that when the artist had offered the city of Florence to build a fitting tomb in honour of the poet Dante, the offer was refused, and the lecturer classed it among the glorious things that might have been. At the conclusion of the lecture a hearty vote of thanks was tendered to Prof. Fraser. The next lecture in this course is to be by Mr. A. D. Patterson, R. C. A., February 8th, on "Motif in Art," and Professor Clark, who was to have lectured on January 25th, but was prevented by illness, will address the Club on February 15th, having for his subject "Literature and Art."

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After Many Years.

A STRANGE STORY TOLD BY A WELL KNOWN MINSTREL.

The Painful Results of an Injury Received Many Years Ago—Was Treated in the Best Hospitals of Two Continents, but Pronounced Incurable—A Fellow Patient Pointed Out the Road to Recovery.

From the Owen Sound Times.

The marvellous efficacy of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills has again been demonstrated in this town. The Times referred to the astonishing cure of Mr. Wm. Belrose, a well known citizen. This was followed a few weeks ago by the remarkable cure of Mrs. Monnell, of Peel street, whose life had been despaired of by herself and family and friends. A few days ago the Times' reporter was passing along Division street, when it was noticed that a new barber shop had been opened by Mr. Dick Cousby, a member of a family who have lived in Owen Sound for nearly half a century. Knowing that Mr. Cousby had been

seriously ailing when he came from England, a few months previous, and at that time had little hope of recovering his health, the Times man dropped in to have a chat, and before the conversation proceeded very far, it was evident that there had been another miracle performed by the wonder-working Pink Pills.

"Well, let us start at the beginning of my troubles," said Mr. Cousby, when the Times began probing for particulars. "Twenty-one years ago I left school here and joined a minstrel company. Since that time I have had parts in many of the leading minstrel companies as comedian and dancer. In the spring of 1887 I thought I would try a summer engagement and took a position with Hill & Bingley's circus, then playing in the Western States. One morning during the rush to put up the big three-pole tent, I was giving the men a hand, when the centre pole slipped out and in falling struck me across the small of the back. While I felt sore for a time, I did not pay much attention to it. After working a week I began to feel a pain similar to that of sciatic-rheumatism. For a year I gradually grew worse and finally was laid up. This was at Milwaukee. After some time I went to St. Paul and underwent an electric treatment and thought I was cured. I then took an engagement with Lew Johnston's Minstrels and went as far west as Seattle. About three years ago I made an engagement with Bowes and Farquharson to go on a tour through Europe in the great American Minstrels. Before sailing from New York I suffered from pains between the shoulders, but paid very little attention to it at the time, but when I reached Glasgow I was scarcely able to walk. I remained in this condition until we reached Manchester, where I obtained temporary relief from a doctor's prescription. For two years the only relief I had was by taking this medicine. In May of 1893 while at Birmingham, I was taken very bad and gradually got worse all summer. An engagement was offered me as stage manager for Onsley's Minstrels and I went out with them, but in three months' time I was so bad that I had to quit. All this time I was consulting a physician who had been recommended as a specialist, but without any relief. Hydropathic baths and other similar treatments were resorted to without avail. Finally there was no help for it and I went to Manchester, and on Dec. 12th, 1893, went into the Royal Hospital, where the physicians who diagnosed my case pronounced it transverse myelitis, or chronic spinal disease. After being in the hospital for five months I grew worse, until my legs became paralyzed from the hips down. Dr. Newby, the house surgeon, showed me every attention and became quite friendly and regretfully informed me that I would be an invalid all my life. For a change I was sent to Barnes' Convalescent Hospital, Cheadle, having to be carried from the hospital to the carriage and then on to the train. After a week there, a patient told me of a cure effected on himself by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Being thoroughly discouraged, I asked for my discharge and I was sent back to Manchester, where I began taking Pink Pills. After the use of a few boxes I recovered the use of my legs sufficiently to walk several blocks. I then concluded to start for Canada and join my friends here. I continued taking the Pills, constantly getting stronger. I have taken no other medicine since I began the use of the Pink Pills, and I have no doubt as to what cured me. I now feel as well as ever and I am able to take up the trade of barbering, at which I worked during the summer months. When I remember that the doctors told me I would be helpless all my life, I cannot help looking upon my cure as a miracle." As Mr. Cousby told of the wonderful cure, his good-natured countenance fairly shone with gratitude. He is so well known here as a straight-forward respectable citizen that The Times need say nothing in his behalf. His plain, unvarnished statement would go for a fact with everyone who knows him.

These Pills are a positive cure for all troubles arising from a vitiated condition of the blood, or a shattered nervous system. Sold by all dealers or by mail, from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y., at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. There are numerous imitations and substitutions against which the public is cautioned.

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